

As regards the question of musical intuition, no doubt can be entertained on that score, since we have traced the love of harmony up to its primitive source, and can apply its laws to ourselves, as well as to other people. We possess all the qualities of heart and mind that should render us susceptible of imbibing a fondness for the Art and of entering the arcana of all its inner depths. Independent of the universality of the first principle of Tact-emotion, upon which our theory rests, we shall find that in the sister gifts of poetry and eloquence we are not behind other nations; and such being the fact, we are at least fitted for a musical culture as well as other contemporary peoples. Although our position in music is higher than it was ten years since, as we find evinced in the increasing preference for the classics of Germany and Italy, the large support bestowed on foreign talent, and the formation of

so many musical associations, yet a large field is left for future refinement and education in the harmony of tone. It is difficult to say how much of our native patronage is actually bestowed upon the large body of foreign talent. It is equally difficult to determine to what degree the Art of Music is patronized for the Art itself, and whether our musical halls and opera houses are not the mere resort of conventionality and fashion. All this must be subtracted from the claims we lay to being a musical people. In addition to this, we have some derogatory facts presented to us in the nature of our most popular musical institutions, and which would seem to indicate that we had yet much to learn. They would seem to show that, although in the kindred arts of Eloquence and Poetry we occupy a creditable position, we do not keep pace with those arts in our musical proficiency. We here refer to our over-weening attachment to 'Negro Minstrelsy.' While the virtuosi of the highest attainments offer us the divine productions of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Mozart, and are but moderately applauded and scantily rewarded, we build up fortunes for the professors of the negro song and the tambourine.

(Conclusion next week.)

#### Diary Abroad.—No. 5.

BERLIN, Nov. 9.—We had a Liebig concert yesterday, which W. was obliged to leave at the end of the "Scene by the Brook," in Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," as he had taken a ticket to hear Bellini's "Romeo and Juliet" at the Royal Opera. This morning as we sat at our coffee and "butter-bread," he began, and I wish I could give something more than an outline of the conversation.

W.—Hm! (with an expression of the bitterest contempt;) I almost wish I had stayed and heard the symphony out. If I had not heard the WAGNER, it would not have been worth going to. How mean that stuff sounds after such music as Beethoven's! Here a pretty air, and there a pretty air; here a little melody and there another. Just think of *this* (humming some notes), where they are standing round the tomb! Pretty tomb music that!

T.—(With a hearty laugh.) So you begin to feel it, do you? You remember our talks on board the ship?

W.—Yes, I used to think you too severe, and that half the difference you found between your great composers and those I knew something about was affectation. Living in the country, I had had no opportunity to compare. I could imagine nothing beyond the Italian troupes I had heard in Boston and New York. But to hear that stuff last night, after *Don Juan* and *Fidelio*, and these symphonies—

T.—Look out! you will become as one-sided, as prejudiced and as classical as the small party to which I belong.

W.—I don't care. I used to hear all these popular arias from the Italian operas, from "Moses in Egypt," and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and could not conceive anything finer; and that is what I have come over here for, to know whether there is anything in all this talk in "Dwight's Journal," &c., about this great German music. I could understand all this opera music, the arrangements for pianos, such as my scholars played, and the like; but had got the idea somehow that Mozart and Haydn and Beethoven had none of this melody, and that their music, especially that of the latter, was made up of such mighty harmonies, such a learned mass of tones, that one must study it a life time to understand it, to get hold of it. Ditson sent me up some of Beethoven's Sonatas. Well, I played them over in my way, and did not find much in them. By Hemp! as you say, and a strong oath it is—I don't go back until I can play that kind of music; and I know that there are those up in —, and —, who have only to hear it to feel its worth. Well, when I first hear a symphony out at Liebig's concert, I only hear a succession of the most beautiful things

ever conceived of. Such melody! None of your little miserable hum-drum stuff, but things which fasten themselves upon the memory and which I cannot shake off. When I get home they keep coming up, and the next time I hear the same work, as these passages occur, such a thrill, such a sensation runs all through me—oh, I cannot describe it. And so when I have heard it several times, all things join themselves together and the symphony becomes one perfect whole. Now *Fidelio*, Monday night, was beyond me; I must hear it again;—but what music!

T.—Yes, and to think it was the first opera of a young man! Mozart and Gluck and Weber had made many attempts before one lived and became known as a masterpiece. Why did those fools in Vienna in 1807 not accept Beethoven's written proposition to bind himself to write one grand opera annually? It was not the appreciative few, but speculators, who were to blame.

W.—I am already more than paid for coming to Europe. I can see, and now begin to know. My studies in harmony and composition lead me involuntarily to pay more attention to the manner in which these men work, than you do, and to give myself up less to the mere musical influence. But in this how immensely they rise above the other school! That overture to *Tannhäuser*, which we heard yesterday! It won't do to tell me about WAGNER's noise and fiddling—I tell you it has the most mighty *crescendo* that was ever conceived. And then go the opera house and hear the same thing attempted in the finale to "Romeo and Juliet." Well, I heard JOHANNNA WAGNER, and she is a great singer and actress. When she was not on the stage, I wanted to be reading your *Tribune*, which I got at Schneider's. I did read it between the acts.

T.—The last time I heard *Norma*, I got so sick of it, I vowed I would never hear it again; and yet it was given in that same magnificent style in which all these things are done in the big opera house: Such namby-pamby stuff—just as you say, first this pretty air and then that—like a succession of tunes, all accompanied and instrumented just alike—I mean in style, for of course the notation varies—it's like drinking sugar water day after day.

W.—Don't say anything against *Norma*, I can't believe it such poor stuff as this "Romeo and Juliet." Still, you know I was disappointed in *Der Freyschütz*, and when I come to hear *Norma* again—I don't know after all. At any rate I was not disappointed in *Don Juan*. Isn't that *mighty*!

But these symphonies! I have always felt that there must be something beyond what I had had opportunity to hear, up in the country, or what I had happened to hear in Boston or New York; for whenever I went there after music it was to hear some great celebrity. Some of Handel's choruses and some of that splendid cathedral music, which Dr. Tuckerman brought home from England, had given me some idea of what I wanted; but it is this great orchestral music, these psalms and motets that we have heard here and in Leipzig, and that mass at Cologne! That is what comes right home to me, and satisfies this longing and craving for music which I have had all my life.

T.—Give us your hand! You'll do. I say, W., I shall *diarise* this talk.

W.—Then you will diarize my real sentiments, and feelings honestly come by and honestly spoken.

[NOTE.—Poor fellow, he is already falling into the ridiculous German mistake of going to the opera to hear the music, instead of keeping up the noble English and American custom of attending to see and hear some renowned singer in certain songs and situations.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

#### Musical Reminiscences of Florence.

(Concluded from last week.)

GIULIA GRISI, when about sixteen years of age, came with her father to Florence, who sought to place her in the family of some good instructor for a musical education. CECCHERINI (then a fine tenore and maestro) was applied to; but the transcendent beauty and youth of the future world-renowned prima donna were decided objections against any one's undertaking to become

the looker-after and moral guardian, in that land of love and Art, of so attractive a specimen of the most loveable thing on earth, "the fair sex."—After her *début* she sang several years in different parts of Italy, without producing any great sensation, and it was only her first appearance at Paris which stamped her as an *attachée* absolutely necessary to the Royal Opera houses of Paris, London and St. Petersburg, for so many years.

PACINI, the composer, some fifteen years ago was at the head of the musical department of the *Scuola delle Belle Arti* of Florence; but he only proved that a great composer of vocal operas may be an inferior teacher of the voice, as the school diminished quite rapidly under his auspices, and never has entirely regained its former standing. Pacini is also the greatest imitator and least original of all the Italian composers of opera. In his time he has imitated all the different schools in the order in which they have sprung up—ROSSINI, BELLINI, DONIZETTI,—and he now exaggerates even VERDI. He is even more prolific than Donizetti, and has written a greater number of operas,—which have never been heard of after the first performance,—than any other composer. His *Buondelmonte* and *Saffo* are his two best works, and alone stamp him as a man of great talent; and on the reputation of those operas he is engaged constantly by impresarios to write new operas, with the hope that he may again do something to equal if not surpass what he has already done.

Verdi has the highest price for an opera ever paid to any composer in the world, being as he is at present the unrivalled, unapproachable, and almost only writer for all Italy. His price two years ago, when at Naples, for a new opera was 5,000 ducats, (or about \$4,000.) And as three months' time is sufficient for him to write an opera, and expenses very light in that country, he at that price could do a very safe and telling business as far as money is concerned; although to write conscientiously a long three act *tone-poem*, three months' time ought hardly suffice, for the instrumentation alone. And if sometimes great weakness of ideas is discovered by those amateurs and even professional people, who have never yet essayed musical composition, and who, of course, know not the difficulty of writing something original (even a little Psalm tune,) the circumstances should be taken into consideration. And this even if an author steals from himself and reproduces in some new form a beautiful idea, which, having been coined, perhaps, many years ago in his brain, still haunts his memory without betraying to him its origin, whether original with him in that moment or not, or whether it be some admired strain of some past work. In the hurry of writing and shortness of time allowed, the idea is jotted down, and if stolen from some other composer, it is of course innocently so, and we ought only to wonder that so much is new and original. The late C. E. HORN, (an English composer) told me that the English papers berated him very hard after the publication of the popular: "I've been roaming," it being merely the well known chorus of "Jubilate, Jubilate" in a faster movement. He himself at the time was entirely ignorant of the similarity; and it only shows how much we should appreciate originality in music when we find it, if the effect be good and legitimate.

A year ago at a performance given during the

*matinée*, in the large hall of the Piazzo-Vecchio, by a sort of musical fund society, composed, as in Boston, of all the resident musicians in Florence, *Il mutuo Soccorso*, an orchestra numbering nearly three hundred performers played the overture to "William Tell" in a manner very satisfactory to all. ROSSINI, too, expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the performance at the rehearsals, though, according to his principles he was not present at the public performance, preferring to take a solitary walk in the beautiful Cascine. All the music performed on the occasion was Rossini's, and notwithstanding he felt complimented by the selection, yet he advised that the programme should be varied, and recommended the works of several others in preference to his own. On another occasion the same immense orchestra rendered Beethoven's "Battle Symphony" with good effect.

Near the old "Borgello," (the name of the ancient prison) is the small but well known copying magazine of Mamati, where in a few weeks' time was written for the Pergola the famous opera "Parisina," by DONIZETTI. With ten or fifteen copying clerks, and the store constantly filled with persons talking aloud, Donizetti, without any musical instrument to aid him, placed upon paper as fast as the pen could be made to go (and supplied several of the copyists constantly) those beautiful melodies and passionate harmonies of the loving and unfortunate Parisina. He belied the adage that "one can do but one thing at a time," for he could eat breakfast, receive numerous visitors, and write Lucias and Lucrezia Borgias at one and the same time. Receiving a commission, when at Naples, for instance, to write an opera for Venice or Milan, during the journey in the "diligence" from one place to the other he would write at least one-third of the opera, and sometimes more. His fluency of musical ideas has hardly, if ever, been surpassed by any recent composer.

In going from Florence to Naples *via* Rome, one passes the small town of Terracina; and the very inn, made so familiar by the opera of *Fra Diavolo*, is the identical one of the times of the celebrated robber, although I could really see no resemblance to it the other night at the Boston Theatre, when the opera was there produced. The rock, also, a short distance from the house, where the handsome Italian used to sun himself in the *dolce far niente* style, was pointed out to me, and I involuntarily looked to see if some brigand might not be lurking behind it or among the bushes near by. Only about three years ago another, Passerola, (so called because originally a boatman) whose career and personal appearance were exactly like those of the wider celebrated *Fra Diavolo*, was, fortunately for the peace of the country, shot. One of his exploits was the following: One evening, in a small theatre, in some town in the Roman States, near Bologna, a very nice audience had assembled to hear *Ernani*. The time for commencing had passed and the audience became, as usual, impatient of the delay, and insisted on the raising of the curtain. At last the curtain went up, and instead of the usual scene of bandits reclining, talking and drinking, as in the opening chorus of *Ernani*, a file of rough looking men, with loaded muskets pointed to the house, were seen on the stage. Passerola advanced very quietly, informing them that he had the honor of being Passerola in *pro-*

*pria persona*, and that the theatre was entirely surrounded and in the possession of his subordinates; begging the ladies in the house not to be alarmed, for, if no resistance was offered no harm would be done. He then told them that each family would be visited by turns and conducted home to their residence, or wherever they might find most conveniently the "ready" to to pay the sum affixed to their names upon his list. Each one was obliged to await his time, and after satisfying his demands was re-conducted to his box in the theatre. All were served according to their means of paying, and the evening was consumed in this manner. When all had paid, he thanked them kindly, wishing them a pleasing performance of "The Bandit" in music, and remarked that it had been a long time since the impresario had had such a "paying house" in his theatre, and doubtless *Il Banditto Ernani* was less successful than *Il Banditto Passerola* in drawing out the "tin," though an extraordinary amount of "brass" was necessary for both.

### Musical Correspondence.

From BERLIN, Nov. 18, 1854.

WEBER'S "EURYANTHE"—GLUCK'S "ORPHEUS."

Two long desired and scarcely hoped-for gratifications have been afforded me this week:—the hearing of WEBER'S *Euryanthe* and GLUCK'S "Orpheus and Eurydice." Perhaps, had the choice been given me, I could not have selected two operas, which upon the whole would offer higher claims—the *Euryanthe*, for the important place it holds in Weber's history, and for the great difference of opinion upon its merits; the "Orpheus and Eurydice," because it was the work in which Gluck struck out his new path, and made the foundation of all successful opera since. Nothing written before it keeps the stage; nothing more recent keeps the stage which does not render homage to it. So it was with no little joy that my eye fell upon the notices that these two works were to be given at the Royal Opera.

Berlioz speaks of the half success of *Euryanthe*, Weber's grandest work. If he likes the music best which is most like his own, we can easily imagine good reasons why the "grandest work" of Weber, no more than "half succeeded."

On the evening of the 25th of October, 1823, the Royal Imperial Court Theatre, near the "Carinthian Gate" (Kärntner Thor), in Vienna, was crowded with eager spectators and listeners. The performance was to be "For the first time, under the personal direction of the composer, *Euryanthe*, Grand romantic Opera in three acts, by Helmine von Chezy, born Baroness von Kleucke, Music by Herr Carl Maria von Weber, Royal Saxon Court Kapellmeister." The people had been listening during the season to a great variety of operas, among which Rossini's predominated, and which had been performed by a company of which Fodor, Ambragi, David and Lablache were members. On the 25th of September the Italian performances had closed, and nothing very remarkable, save the "Magic Flute," had been given on that stage. But now the author of *Der Freyschütz* had come from Dresden, to superintend the production of his new work. Beethoven was writing his great Mass and Symphony, and no other composer was upon the stage who could compete with the pale, thin man, who on this evening held the baton. The parts were filled mostly by singers well-known and liked by the Viennese. Eg-lantine, the mezzo-soprano was to be sung by Madame GRÜNEAUM, then a name of note, and the

heroine by the delightful young songstress who had come from Prague and made her first appearance in the Austrian Capital in the part of Anna, in *Don Juan*, on the 4th of April preceding:—"Euryanthe, Dlle. SONTAG"—said the bills. So the house was filled to its utmost capacity. Many of the numbers were called for a second time, not only the principal pieces of Sontag, Grünbaum, and the other leading characters, but the overture and several choruses. Weber himself was called out some four times. In short it was what might be called an enthusiastic reception, and yet not three weeks later (the 14th of November), after Weber had left the city, it was given with *Abkürzungen*—retrenchments. How many times Weber led his opera during this short stay in Vienna, I am not sure. I find in the periodicals of the day at hand only three performances mentioned. At the second, though the applause was great, the audience was much thinner than at the first. The third was for the benefit of Sontag, and, says the editor of the Vienna *Musikalische Zeitung*, "was more visited."

The same says: "After the third performance of Weber's opera, the opera in one act, *L'Inganno felice*, with music by Rossini, was put upon the same stage." All sorts of operas and concerts followed in this theatre; but in no other instance than those above mentioned do I find *Euryanthe* recorded. *Der Freyschütz* continued however as popular as ever.

I had somehow become impressed with the idea that the text of this opera was made from Shakespeare's "Cymbeline," and this, with the beauty of several of the numbers, which are familiar to us in America, and favorite pieces for concerts and social singing parties:—"The sun's gay beam on the hill-top glows" for instance—had made its ill success a matter of great wonder. Once hearing however, explains all. *Euryanthe* is a wretched stage piece, and Weber has made too much music to it. It is tedious. The Vienna wags slightly varied the name and called it *Ennuyante*.

At the rising of the curtain we see the court of King Louis VI. of France assembled at Premery, and the women begin a chorus, rejoicing at the peace with England (A. D. 1110), and in praise of the heroes who had conquered the peace. The warriors reply with a strophe, in praise of the women, and then both combine and close the chorus by singing the praise of love and fidelity. The King inquires what ails Adolar, that he is so sad, who then speaks of his love for Euryanthe, and at the request of the King sings a measure in her praise. Another noble, Lysiart, for some reason which Frau von Chezy does not make plain, hates Adolar, and mocks at his success as a singer, and at the idea of faith in woman, at which all the women present are angry and leave the stage!—and finally goes so far as to affirm that he needs but opportunity, to seduce Euryanthe from her truth to Adolar. Adolar challenges him to combat, but Lysiart will only lay a wager, and as this proposition is finally accepted, we have here the one point of resemblance to the beautiful plot of *Cymbeline*.

In the next scene Euryanthe appears in the castle garden at Nevers, singing a lively song full of longing for her lover. Some of the songs are truly beautiful poetry; and very probably the lyric beauty of the text hid its dramatic defects from Weber. Eg-lantine, in love with Adolar, pretends the warmest affection for Euryanthe, and by her warmly expressed sympathy, draws in an unguarded moment from her a fearful secret, known only to her and Adolar. On this the whole thing is to turn. Yet why this secret is a secret, why Adolar should lay so much stress upon it, and why Euryanthe, the moment she has betrayed it to Eg-

lantine, should be in such agony about it, there is nothing in the whole drama to explain. The whole strikes the spectators as an absurdity. On first hearing one is highly wrought up at this point, but as nothing comes of it, worthy of the great parade made over it in the first act, the opera suffers thereby. The secret is simply this, and Euryanthe betrays it in answer to Eglantine's question why she finds her at night down among the tombs? She and Adolar, while together for the last time before his departure to the war, saw by the light of the moon a figure approach, which proved to be the ghost of Adolar's sister Emma. The ghost relates that she is forced to wander about, cut off from the society of the spirit of her lover Udo, who was slain in battle; because she, in despair at his death, swallowed poison from a ring, which is buried with her, in order to be again with him. She will never be united to Udo until that ring "draws tears from innocence in deepest sorrow, and saves a murderer from death." Of course this story gives Weber an opportunity to show all the resources of his genius and skill—and throw them away.

Lysiart comes and finds that all efforts to win Euryanthe are vain. Eglantine goes at night to the tomb and steals the ring from the finger of the dead Emma. Why? I do not know, though she thinks by some means or other, through its possession, to work upon Adolar and steal his affections from his betrothed.

In Act II., while Lysiart is soliloquizing upon his ill success, Eglantine arrives from the tomb with the ring, which she exclaims shall prove that Euryanthe has betrayed love and fidelity. But how? Lysiart steps forth and surprises her. As they both have the same end in view, it is an easy thing for them to join in a plot—not exactly to gain Adolar's love for Eglantine, and Euryanthe's for Lysiart—but to destroy their happiness, to get possession of, Adolar's castle and lands (through the wager), and to marry and live there all their days happily, as the nursery tales have it.

Lysiart takes the ring and next appears at court, whither he has conducted Adolar's bride. He claims the wager and shows the ring. Adolar, like a great fool (as every spectator must feel), asks no question of his beloved, but gives up everything and takes her off into the woods to kill her, and she, like another great fool, follows without a word of explanation, and so this act ends.

The third act opens in the forest. Adolar appears dressed from head to foot in black armor. Where under heaven did he get it? and for what purpose is it put on? Euryanthe follows and breaks silence with a recitative, from which it appears that she has been following Adolar through the wilds by the glow of the sun and by the twinkling light of the stars, until she is now worn out. He tells her plainly now that he leads her to death. A duet follows in which he upbraids her with her broken faith—she utters no word of apology or defence. He is just on the point of striking the fatal blow, when she sees an immense serpent, and throws herself before her beloved to save him. The reptile remains behind the scenes, whither he goes to destroy it, and gives her a chance to sing an aria describing the fight. On his return he can no longer think of putting her to death, who had just risked her life for him, and so leaves her. She lies down on a green bank to die, and sings a cavatina, in which she begs the flowers, after she is dead, should he ever happen that way, to tell him: No, she never betrayed him! whereupon the spectator involuntarily mutters, "You goose, why did you not tell him yourself?"

The King goes hunting, and the chorus "The sun's gay beam" is heard from the hunters. They come in, find the snake and a woman. The King

goes up to her, she wakes, rises—heavens! Euryanthe! The King speaks of her guilt, she spurns the imputation, and now bethinks herself to accuse Eglantine. Of course all turns out happily. There is a great scene where Lysiart and Eglantine are to be married and Adolar appears. Lysiart stabs his fellow criminal, but Adolar intercedes for him and he is allowed to go. And so in this absurd manner, according to Adolar in the finale, Emma is made blessed; tears of innocence have been drawn forth by the ring, and the murderer delivered from punishment.

From beginning to end Weber exhausted all his art in instrumentation, and I felt continually how he labored to surpass the *Freyshütz*. The consequence is, that while *Euryanthe* offers a great number of uncommonly fine concert pieces, these same pieces combined are not sufficient to bear up against the poverty of the plot, the weight of so much recitative and this constant overload of instrumentation. JOHANNA WAGNER was great as Eglantine, and Frau KÖSTER, as Euryanthe, formed an admirable contrast to her. If fine solo singers, magnificent decorations and scenery, a superb orchestra of over 60 members, a thoroughly trained chorus almost filling the huge stage, and such a ballet as we in America have no idea of, could be sufficient to atone for the faults of the plot, and their evil influence upon the composer's genius, this opera would necessarily be popular here—yet this is not the case. It is only given occasionally, and rather as a tribute to Weber's memory, and for its historical interest, than because of any popular qualities.

If I was disappointed in *Euryanthe*, I was not in "Orpheus and Eurydice," though written nearly a century ago. I have seldom been present at a performance with my curiosity so much excited. I saw upon the bills but three names as solo singers, and these all women: Orpheus, JOHANNA WAGNER; Eurydice, Frau KÖSTER; Amor, Frau HERRENBERG-TUCZEK. Choruses and ballets of peasantry, shades, furies, blessed spirits, and the train of Amor complete the programme. The overture, severe and simple in style, but full of pathos, of the grief of Orpheus at the loss of Eurydice, carried me along with it, and fully prepared me for the opening scene. The curtain rose. In the centre of the stage a Grecian tomb; beyond, a beautiful grove with flowing waters; around, a chorus of Grecian peasantry, and near the tomb, a band of maidens in white with garlands. Upon the steps of the tomb Orpheus kneeling, a statue of grief and sorrow.

Chorus.—If in these shady groves,  
Eurydice, thy shade  
Still floats about thy tomb,

Orpheus.—Eurydice!

Chorus.—Ah, hear thy husband,  
Hear him, hear him, hear him,  
Who lives to grieve alone.

Orpheus.—Eurydice! &c., &c.,

I know not when I have been more moved, save in the highest wrought scenes of *Fidelio*, than by this opening chorus, as it streamed forth from the stage so simple, so pure, so tender, so imploring; and at the very first tones of Johanna Wagner's full, rich, tearful voice, as she in agony called upon the shade of her lost one, a thrill passed through me and my eyes filled. Yet, "what was she to Hecuba, or Hecuba to her?" After the first chorus, follows a long recitative by Orpheus, interrupted once by a repetition of the "If in these shady groves" &c. The virgins then adorn the tomb with their garlands, strew the steps with flowers, and leave Orpheus alone. Think of what acting and music are necessary now to keep the attention and interest of the auditor alive. Orpheus occupies the stage alone. There is no action to "please the groundlings." All depends upon the power of composer and actor to

enchain an audience by the force with which they can depict sorrow, grief, finally despair. This continues through: 1, an Ariette; 2, Recitative; 3, Ariette; 4, a long Recitative. That Gluck and Wagner were equal to the demand upon their genius, the death-like silence of the large audience, their strained attention, their forgetfulness to applaud, the many tearful eyes, were proof. Let Crawford throw his statue into the dock, and copy the Wagner in some of her attitudes! As I think it over, I know not what to admire most: the richness of her voice, the consummate art with which she uses it, the nobleness of her acting, or the severe Grecian simplicity with which she gave the music of Gluck, and presented to me the very Orpheus, who years ago so moved my sympathies in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. And here let me remark that not a defect in the scenery could be found in the entire piece. All that the learning of Germany can offer to render the stage decorations, the costumes, even to the painted trees and shrubs, fully Grecian, is brought into play. I was carried at once back to the days of old mythology; Flaxman's studies of Grecian life became living before me.

It was wonderful with what life and nature the grief of Orpheus was made to grow more violent, and finally change to despair. He ceases to lament, and bursts into a furious invective against those awful rulers of the infernal regions, to whose decree the loss of his beloved is owing. He draws a dagger and will end his pains at a blow. His hand is stayed by Amor, who makes known to him the will of the Gods, that he may have Eurydice back, on condition of not looking upon her until he has led her to the "upper air." In all this half of the first act (as played the other night) there is but one aria, and that by Amor, to break the lengthened recitative, and yet I felt no weariness, no tedium; and when Orpheus, after his closing recitative, retired and the curtain fell upon an empty stage, no grand tableau there—like the rest of the audience, I sat a moment entranced, before a general burst of applause called out the consummate actress and singer of that magnificently expressive music.

Act II. opens with a view of Tartarus—the Tartarus, too, of Virgil and Ovid—and off to the right is a passage through which faintly stream the beams of day, mingling strangely with the lurid light of those infernal regions. A huge chorus of shades, clad in ghostly garments of gray, and of furies fantastically dressed, sing, as Orpheus is seen slowly moving downward, in music which made me shiver, so cold and unearthly was it—"Who is this mortal who dares invade these realms of darkness, these abodes of horror!" Orpheus prays their pity, and wonderful indeed is the art with which Gluck has so written his music, that we feel no shock to our sense of probability, when these shades and furies relent and grant a mortal the power of passing through their awful abodes. Orpheus passes on, and there while the next scene is in preparation, follows a ballet, a Dance of Furies. We had the music but not the dance, and most powerful music it is; not "sound and fury signifying nothing," but music in which the effect lies in the depth of the musical idea. Liebig gave it the other day and it impressed me powerfully. The cloud which had descended upon Tartarus and shut it from our view, now rises; a flood of light now banishes the darkness, and the Elysium of the poets is before us. The change from the gloom and lurid horror of the preceding scene is not greater than that which Gluck makes us feel in every note of the delicious, though somewhat antiquated, music, which guides the crowd of nymphs and happy spirits in their evolutions, while Orpheus expresses his delight at the scene, and seeks the blest shade of Eurydice. The chorus promises him her restoration, and the act closes with her appearance veiled in the purest white, and their joy at again meeting.

The third act opens in a cedar forest in Elysium. A long but never tedious conversation follows between the hero and the heroine, in which he, not daring to look upon her, urges her to follow his steps to the light of day. The same subject is followed up in the duet which ensues. She doubting that he who refuses her one look of love, can be Orpheus, and finally if it be he, she chooses to remain happy in Elysium rather than return to earth with one so cold. The conviction that it is he, and thus changed, leads to a powerful aria, expressive of the agony of being recalled to life to suffer his supposed coldness. She begs but for one look of love! Frau Köster performed her part in this long and arduous scene admirably, but Wagner was magnificent. One felt that the sympathies of the entire audience had gone out for her, and was ready to curse those gods, who had forbidden the agonized Orpheus to explain why he might not turn upon her one look of love. At length he can bear it no longer. In an evil moment his firmness gives way. He has but begun the explanation: "Eurydice, the will of Amor and—" when the penalty is paid: "O thou, my husband, I feel death!" He turns, gives her a look in which love and grief strive for the mastery, and she dies in his arms. A long recitative, ariette, and again a recitative follow, at the end of which Amor once more stays his suicidal hand. To prevent too tragic an impression at the end of the work, the author of the libretto has made Amor restore the dead to life, and the finale takes place before the temple sacred to Love, where Orpheus and Eurydice and the chorus sing the praises of the Goddess.

Is JOHANNA WAGNER really such a great singer?

I do not know. I have not the slightest idea whether she can sing Rode's Variations, and "Robert, Robert," and that sort of thing; I do know that she has carried me to ancient Greece, has showed me the very Orpheus of the poets, and that her full, rich tones, every note filled with soul, have rendered the recollection of all I ever heard, mean in comparison.

A dear friend told me I must hear her *Fidelio*. I can now imagine it.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 23, 1854.

### Christmas! The "Messiah."

This is the season of holy and happy thoughts. In the natural year, the first ascending step after the days have kept on shortening and nights lengthening downwards to the winter solstice. In the spiritual year, the re-greeting of the day-spring from on high, the anniversary of the holiest birth and heavenliest assurance that continue still to animate and bless the inmost heart and soul of erring, struggling and long suffering Humanity. The Christmas season calls us, in celestial tones heard inwardly, to look beyond the clouds and cares and strifes of this poor Present, and meet each other gladly in the light of the great hope, in which superficial differences and fortunes vanish, and we are members of one family and children of one Father. Away with narrowing creeds and theories! For utterance of all this, for true communion in it, we need Music, which is wholly of the heart, the instincts of the immortal part of us, a universal language, understood and felt by all. And we need HANDEL'S music, inasmuch as he has embodied the great texts of the season in an oratorio, which every year's successive hearing only makes more new, more eloquent and sacred to all hearts.

Handel's "Messiah" is announced in New York by the Harmonic Society, for Monday evening, with the aid of BADIALI and Signora VIETTI-VERTIPRACH, besides the principal native solo talent. Here in Boston we have a two-fold, almost a three-fold opportunity. Two of them unfortunately occur at once on Sunday, Christmas Eve. In the Music Hall the old HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY revive their good old custom, too long discontinued. They announce among their solo singers, the welcome return of Miss ANNA STONE, and our lately returned *tenore* from Florence, Mr. MILLARD.

At the Melodeon, it will be given by the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY, who last year surprised us with the best performance of the "Messiah" that we remembered to have ever heard. The well known completeness and efficiency of their chorus, orchestra and leaders, and the fine array of solo talent, of which we have already had a taste this winter, including Mr. ARTHURSON and Mr. WETHERBEE, Mrs. WENTWORTH and Miss BOTHAMLY, with long and careful rehearsal, give assurance that it will be done at least as well this time. Their programme, too, includes more numbers of the music of this long work than it has been customary to give here in a single evening:—we believe *all* but five or six pieces.

We sincerely regret that one of these societies did not invite the other to forego rivalry and unite forces upon this occasion, giving us *one* sublime performance instead of leaving us distracted between two. Then Sunday and Monday evenings could have been taken for one continuous performance, of what never has been heard here, the entire, unabridged "Messiah." But failing this, we wish that a suggestion in the newspapers had been followed by one of these two bodies, of giving it on Monday afternoon, accommodating dwellers in the suburbs. As it is, the arrangements of both Societies are before our readers; they must choose according to their own judgments, but by all means, let none fail to attend one.

On Monday evening, moreover, the MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY will give in the Tremont Temple, with the aid of the new organ, with well-trained singers and Herr KREISSMANN for conductor, and at the cheap price of twenty-five cents per ticket, some good *selections* both from the "Messiah," and from "Jephtha" and "St. Paul."

### Concerts of the Week.

#### I. MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY.

The second concert on Saturday evening, was, by universal consent of all who were so fortunate, (or so wise), as to be present, one of the very best orchestral concerts ever given in this city. It is really a new era in our domestic efforts towards organizing regular supplies of great symphonic music. It is such an orchestra as we may have had equalled once or twice before in numbers, but in numbers only. In the quality, efficiency, mutual adaptedness and artistic blending of its fifty active members; in the competency of their conductor, and in the musical spirit animating the whole, it far exceeds anything that we have heard except on a much smaller scale.—Now we may hear the grand symphony or overture, not only clearly, finely played, as by the Germans, but also set before us in those bolder

proportions to which the musical ideas of the piece are by their intrinsic grandeur entitled.

The programme, too, this time was very nearly faultless. The symphony, MOZART'S beautiful one in E flat, was placed first, and enjoyed with fresh senses, instead of at the end of a fatiguing stretch of solos as before; though by its shorter length, its lighter and more appreciable character, rather soothingly fascinating than exciting, it could better have borne that place than a work so every way original, so immense, and so taxing the intellectual volition of the hearer, as the *Eroica*. A symphony of Mozart is certainly a very different thing from a symphony of Beethoven, yet in its way not less enjoyable, or less worthy to lend a hand in our initiation into the mysteries and divine experiences of the tone-world. Beethoven speaks more powerfully, more deeply to our age, because his inspirations are more of our age, more full of Humanity's great struggle and prophetic of the glorious Future; more Titanic in strength, more intensely individual and original in spite of the traditional forms in which he wrought,—with which forms he was too great to quarrel, but cultivated them to his own best and largest service. Mozart gives you the full flower and perfection of the form, which, whatever anti-classicists and musical reformers of to-day may say, was not an arbitrary invention, but a true spontaneous outgrowth in the musical development and movement of mankind;—a form great enough to contain a Beethoven, the exception in the last piece of the Ninth Symphony only proving the rule. But they are both, and Haydn likewise, successive prophets of one dispensation, and we need to hear them all to keep the historic chain of this great revelation whole. Instead of enjoying Haydn and Mozart less, we listen to them with all the greater interest after Beethoven, at the same time that we own him greatest.

In a work of Mozart beauty is as infallible, and creative energy as freshly present as in any flower or fair result of Nature's divine conspiracy of forces. Whatever else he may be, he is always beautiful; to which add that glowing geniality and ideality that always keeps within the reach of human sympathies, irradiating what is best and truest in the ends of our blind, vague desires and strivings. Yet while in Mozart's music you breathe so soft and sweet an atmosphere, the very May and June of tenderness and gladness, of young hearts and love, yet he is never wanting strength. There is the heroic buoyancy of Apollo, who slew Python, in his step. And he can conduct you, awed by the magnetism of his own sincere awe, upon the borders of the sublime and terrible, as in the finale of *Don Juan*, in the *Requiem*, and in chance episodes and brief allusions in his symphonies and other instrumental works. The E flat symphony, though perhaps next in interest to that with the fugue in C, and to that lovely one in G minor, has all these characteristics. The first Allegro, with Adagio introduction, is energetic and impassioned; the Andante sweetly pleading and pathetic, rising now and then to a thrilling climax of woe; the Minuet and Finale gracefully gay and sunshiny with the recuperative power of a genial nature that loves life. These were all finely rendered by Mr. SUCK'S orchestra, especially the Andante.

The First Part ended with ERNST'S violin solo on the well known sentimental melody from *Il Pirata*, played by Mr. SCHULTZE. It was rather

too long, and in the execution not one of Mr. Schultze's happiest efforts. His tone is sweet and musical, his style artistic, and there is a pervading grace and quiet fervor in what he does; but this time (strange to say), there was lack of purity of intonation in some of his more arduous passages, particularly the variation in full-chords with harmonics.

BEETHOVEN's overture to "Egmont" was played with the fire and decision which that electrifying prelude to a stormy tragedy, in whose fitful pauses you hear wails of deepest tenderness, requires. It is one of the most unique and passion-fraught of overtures; full of humanity and love, of terror, mystery and fate. How the colossus stamps and thunders forth its meaning! May we not soon hear also his Overture to "Coriolanus," a work in a kindred vein, and which is as perfect a musical *resumé* of the essential spirit of Shakspeare's tragedy, as this is of Goethe's!

The Trio for French-horns, (how expressive the German name, *Wald*, or forest, horns!) by MESSRS. RUDOLPHEN, H. FRIES and KLUGE, was a piece of execution better than anything of the kind that we remember, and worthy to be classed with virtuosity like that of Jullien's solo players. Such purity and smoothness of tone, such ready, free and rapid utterance we had scarcely credited to these commonly not very glib or loquacious instruments. The piece itself, however, was rather out of character for horns, whose best virtue resides in the orchestra, in the mellow light which they pour in as it were from the background of the picture, warming the whole, rather than in these artificial variations and exceptional caperings in the foreground. Yet it displayed a reserved fund of executive force in the performers, which makes one always sure of them in their orchestral function.

The exquisite Andante from Beethoven's Second Symphony was the triumph of the evening. We do not remember any rendering of it, either by smaller orchestra or Jullien's great one, that gave us so clear a perception of all its beauties, and of the force of each instrument, each intertwining part in the continuous logical development of its one complex and consistent thought. It rivetted and charmed the audience, and was relished even better on a repetition quite unanimously called for. It was followed by an orchestral arrangement from one of MENDELSSOHN's well known six two-part songs, "Greeting," two trumpets singing the melody, though taking it up at first with rather an "ambiguous sound." Rossini's brilliant overture to "William Tell" made an inspiring and triumphant close. The rendering was in the main good, bating one or two accidents, but left room for improvement. The 'cellos and violas in the cool, Swiss-lake suggesting prelude, sketched in their idea with life-like delicacy.

Truly a delightful concert! But there is a dark side to our story. The audience was scarcely larger than it was the first time; too small to pay the artists for their trouble; the artists, who have shown every disposition to do their best, to eschew clap-trap, to place a large faith in the public, and serve the highest ends of musical Art by relying on the intrinsic attractions of the best works of Art. Shame, citizens of Boston! This is unworthy of your music-loving reputation. Is it hard times? Is it the rival attractions of the new theatre? Is it the excitement of war news? Is it that

the lecture-going "notion" takes its turn of ascendency? Surely it cannot be that there is any lingering distrust of the Musical Fund orchestra now. We are inclined to attribute most influence to the first named cause, and confidently look to the other side of the first of January for the reaction from a spell of economical terror, which has been making thousands cold and deaf to genial appeals of Art.

## II. HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

"Elijah" was given for the third and last time by this society on Sunday evening. We thought it much the best performance of the three; the choruses were generally prompt and more spirited, besides that the four parts were more nearly balanced in numbers. Miss TWICHELL improves in her contralto songs; and the voice of Mrs. HILL, being kept more carefully in tune, especially in the Angel trio, had fuller credit for its really agreeable qualities. The manner in which the orchestra gave that unique and profoundly interesting overture, and in which it led into the chorus: *Help, Lord*; the singing of this chorus, and of the second: *Yet doth the Lord, &c.*, still stand out in our minds as the memorable glories of these performances. Next to these come the choruses: *Thanks be to God*; *Be not afraid*; and *He watcheth over Israel*; and Mr. ARTHURSON's air: *If with all you hearts*. We trust the Society, after the "Messiah" and the miscellaneous concerts they announce, will yet see fit to bring "Elijah" forth again, with better solo-singers, and the missing parts restored. The public, we are sure, have appetite enough for it; but we have two strings to our bow; failing the Handel and Haydn, there is another Society which has "Elijah" in preparation and which can scarcely fail to steer clear of the shoals that have been so well marked this time.

## III. MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

The third chamber concert, Tuesday evening, was the best (so far) of the season, as well as the most largely attended. The Chickering saloon was more than full. MENDELSSOHN's second Quintet, (in B flat, op. 87), one of his most brilliant and entertaining works, full of fancy and variety, was played with admirable spirit, delicacy and fineness. Certainly the Quintette Club have never played so well as they do this winter. Such an opening of the evening was worthy of such a close as the great ninth Quartet of BEETHOVEN, in C, (the third of op. 59), a work as great among his Quartets (at least those everheard in our country) as his B flat Trio among his Trios. It is wonderfully original, imaginative and exciting, as well as wonderfully difficult, especially for the first violin, which has to shoot continually into the region of the very highest tones, where any swerving from the purest pitch would be most noticeable. We can but congratulate our friend FRIES upon the ease and certainty with which he kept his footing there. Like the C minor Symphony, this Quintet awakes a mysterious interest by the first chords of the Introduction, which, keeping in the ambiguous by-ways of diminished sevenths, do not for some time betray the keynote of the piece. The fugue in the finale, with its long and figurative theme, swiftly and delicately winding in and out through all the parts, like the most intricate and exquisite embroidery, is strangely interesting, and its clear rendering was

quite a triumph. The Club must certainly repeat that Quartet.

The original Quartet (in D minor, No. 2), by our young townsman, J. C. D. PARKER, given (for the first time) at the end of the first part of the Concert, excited a very genuine interest, which kept on increasing to the end. It seemed to us the best American composition in classical form that has yet come to our notice. There was a clearness, a coherency, and a natural development in its movements, which we miss sometimes in musicians of more notoriety. Many of the ideas were striking and showed musical invention. They wear, to be sure, the Mendelssohn complexion pretty strongly, but are by no means copies; but rather flowers sprung up from native soil, under the influence of that sun. The only weak part seemed to be (at least on first hearing), the second movement (Adagio). The first movement, really the most difficult to manage and the great point of art in the Sonata form, developed strongly and clearly, and carried the audience along with its discourse; only perhaps it was continued a little beyond the safe point. The Scherzo was the happiest of all, quite a charming and unique little whole. The Finale was interesting by the number and contrast of its ideas, surprising you once or twice by a new episodic melody, where you only expected the resolution of a chain of modulation, enough to remind you of Beethoven. Our friend has certainly shown talent of the right stamp in this effort, and must have met encouragement in its reception.

Mr. MILLARD sang Beethoven's *Adelaida*, in the Italian words, which are a good version of the German, with much artistic style and finish, plenty of light and shade, &c., (at least so far as the rather too tame playing of the accompaniment allowed), but yet in a manner coldly Italian. Those passionate high notes came out coldly *éclatant* and loud in his clear, fresh voice; and if there was the Italian impetus and energy of superficial feeling, yet you missed the deep and spiritual fervor of the German music. The French Romance, by NIEDERMAYER, *Adieu donc, belle France*, from the opera *Marie Stuart*, seemed much more in the singer's vein, was beautifully sung and warmly encored. Mr. WULF FRIES played a violoncello solo by ROMBERG with his usual taste and skill.

IV. The ORCHESTRAL UNION, on Wednesday afternoon, played Weber's *Oberon* overture, and the Adagio from Beethoven's 4th Symphony, most exquisitely. The overture to *Cenerentola* and several light pieces made out the programme. Next time, we are told, we may hope to hear that Symphony entire.

V. MR. S. H. MILLARD's Concert on Thursday evening we were not able to attend. We should have liked much to hear him sing again that little French chanson: *Tais toi, mon cœur*; and Mario's gallant ballata: *Questa o quella*, from Verdi's *Rigoletto*; above all the duet: *Mira la bianca luna*, from Rossini's "Soirées Musicales," with Mrs. WENTWORTH. They sang other good selections from Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi, and Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE contributed one of the early Sonatas of Beethoven, and the *Moise* fantasia by Thalberg.

The next MUSICAL FUND Concert will be given a fortnight from this evening, and will offer peculiar attractions. The *Coriolanus* overture is to be given, and

a delicious 'symphony by Haydn. Also a novelty in the shape of an original Cantata, called the "Pilgrims," by the President of the Society, Mr. C. C. PERKINS, who will also take the conductor's post that evening. This Cantata is a large work, with overture, grand choruses, (by volunteers from the Handel & Haydn Society,) solos and duets by Misses BOTHAMLY and TWICHELL, Mr. WETHERBEE, &c. The poem has been written expressly for the work by the distinguished London critic, HENRY F. CHORLEY, Esq.

**NEW ORGAN.**—There will be an opening, at 7½ o'clock this evening, of the grand organ in St. Paul's Church, just completed by the Messrs. HOOK. It is said to be nearly equal in contents to the Tremont Temple organ. Mr. WILLCOX will play selections from Bach, Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, &c. and some solo and choir pieces will be sung.

**LECTURES ON ART.**—It is a long time since we have heard anything more interesting and thought-stimulating in the way of lectures, or more profoundly suggestive of a true philosophy of Art, than two lectures delivered this week by Mr. C. H. GODDARD, of Cincinnati. Mr. G. is a young man, who thinks for himself and thinks deeply into his subject; he uses language with a rare metaphysical exactness; fascinates you by the clearness of his statements; abounds in happy and unique illustration; and inspires by the high mark and spirituality of his leading thought. We trust he will repeat these lectures to a larger audience; for seldom has a lecturer given more pleasure to the intelligent few who heard him. He is to lecture again soon, on Milton's "Paradise Lost." The best-informed in Cincinnati speak in the highest terms of this course, as well as of that already given here.

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For terms, and other particulars, see Circular, which may be had at the Piano Rooms of Messrs. G. J. Wren & Co., No. 3 Winter street, where, also, Mr. Blanchard will be found between the hours of 2 and 3, P. M.

N. B. Mr. Blanchard will be happy to give instruction in schools and academies, if situated in the immediate vicinity.

Having examined the plan of instruction adopted in the Young Ladies' Vocal Music School, we most cheerfully say that it meets our unqualified approbation.

From the success which has heretofore attended the instructions of Mr. Blanchard we feel assured that his school will merit the fullest confidence of the public.

LOWELL MASON, GEO. J. WREN, F. F. MÜLLER,  
GEO. F. ROOT, B. F. BAKER.

Sept 30

tf

**A CARD.**—Messrs. GARTNER and JUNGNIKKEL are ready to receive applications to furnish music (duos, trios, &c. for violin and piano) for private parties. Nov 18

## CONCERTS.

### THE MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY

Of Boston, most respectfully announce

#### HANDEL'S SACRED ORATORIO, THE MESSIAH, FOR PERFORMANCE

On Christmas Eve, Sunday, Dec. 24th, 1854,  
AT THE MELODEON.

The preliminary arrangements for this performance were commenced by the Government of the Society in August last, by the engagement of the best resident talent for the Solo department, and without the knowledge of the intention of any other Society to perform it upon the same evening; and furthermore, as is believed, in advance of any arrangements on their part to that end. The rehearsals have been continued during the season, with a view to make this performance worthy the patronage of their friends and the public.

The following talent will be combined, viz:

**The full Choir of the Society.** J. Q. WETHERBEE, Chorus Master.

**A complete Orchestra of 32 members.** CARL GARTNER, Leader.

Mrs. E. A. WENTWORTH and Miss S. BOTHAMLY, Soprano.

Mrs. JULIA MESTON, Alto.

Mr. ARTHUR ARTHURSON, Tenore.

Mr. J. Q. WETHERBEE, Bass.

Mr. W. R. BABCOCK, Organist.

The whole under the direction of

**Herr H. Eckhardt, Conductor.**

Performance to commence at 8¼ o'clock.

Tickets at 50 cents each may be obtained at the music stores of Messrs. Richardson, Wade, Reed, and Ditson; and on the day of performance at the Revue, Tremont, Winthrop, Adams and American Houses. Also at the door on Christmas eve. M. N. BOYDEN, Sec'y.

FINAL REHEARSAL with Orchestra, at the Melodeon, on Saturday evening, Dec. 23, at 7 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.

### HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

#### Fourth Concert of the Series.

#### Handel's Oratorio of THE MESSIAH,

Will be performed by the Society

On Sunday Evening, December 24th,  
(CHRISTMAS EVE),

AT THE

#### BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

On which occasion the following Vocalists will appear:

MISS ANNA STONE,

MR. S. HARRISON MILLARD,

MR. AIKEN,

MISS TWICHELL,

MISS HESSELTINE,

MISS PUFFER, and

MRS. WOOD.

Conductor.....CARL ZERRAHN.

Organist and Pianist.....F. F. MÜLLER.

Doors open at 6.—Performance to commence at 7 o'clock. Tickets, at 50 cents each are for sale at the principal Hotels and Music Stores, and at the door on the evening of performance.

Books containing the music of the principal Gems of the Oratorio, may be had at the door on the evening of performance.

The first Concert of this Society was given at the Stone Chapel, December 25, 1815.—Airs and Choruses from the Messiah composing the principal part of the performance. Since which more than seventy concerts have been given, at which parts of the Messiah were performed, and more than twenty of which were given on the Sunday evenings nearest Christmas.

H. L. HAZELTON, Secretary.

### MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY.

#### GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT!

THE THIRD OF THE SERIES WILL BE GIVEN IN

#### TREMONT TEMPLE,

On Christmas Evening, Monday, Dec. 25th.

Commencing at 7¼ o'clock.

The Programme will embrace the principal Airs and Choruses from the MESSIAH, ST. PAUL, and JEPHTHA, with selections from other works of merit.

A. KREISSMANN.....Conductor.

F. F. MÜLLER.....Organist and Pianist.

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AT THE

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To singers of eminence he would say, with a just appreciation of their high attainments, that a brief practical examination of his system will convince the most sceptical, that he can afford them such assistance in beautifying the voice, as might delight the most fastidious.

Being acquainted with the course of vocal discipline pursued by Mr. W. J. PARKERSON in forming and developing the voice, I take pleasure in bearing my testimony to its excellence; believing it to be far preferable to any other method known to me. GEO. J. WEBB.

Boston, Oct. 7, 1854.

Terms, \$50 per quarter.

### F. F. MÜLLER,

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST at the Old South Church; Organist and Pianist of the Handel & Haydn Society, Musical Education Society, &c. &c.

Residence, No. 3 Winter Place, Boston.

Sept 16 3m

### WILLIAM BERGER,

Publisher and Importer of Music,

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KEEPS constantly on hand a Large and Select Stock of IMPORTED MUSIC, for sale at Eastern prices. New Music received by Steamer as soon as published. A liberal discount granted to Teachers. All orders promptly attended to. Music arranged to order. Aug 26

### FRENCH LANGUAGE.

Mr. DE LAMOTTE, from Paris, begs leave to announce that he is prepared to commence a course of instruction to pupils in classes, or private lessons, during the ensuing winter, and will be happy to receive applications at 55 Hancock street. O 21 3m

### MR. S. HARRISON MILLARD,

Begs to inform the musical public of Boston that he is now prepared to receive pupils in

Italian and English Vocalization.

Classes will be formed on the principle of the Conservatoire à Paris.

Particular attention paid to English Oratorio singing. Classes for the study of the Italian language will also be formed.

Residence, 6 Tyler Street.

### MR. J. Q. WETHERBEE,

#### VOCALIST,

(BASSO CANTANTE.)

No. 18 TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON.

### MR. AUGUST FRIES,

Respectfully informs his friends and former pupils, that he again is prepared to receive

ADVANCED PIANISTS AS PUPILS,

to accompany them with the Violin in SONATAS, DUO CONCERTANTE, SOLOS, &c. Applications sent to 7 Winthrop Place, will be promptly attended to. Oct 14 3m

### SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS, (Lieder ohne Worte,) have just been issued in one elegant volume, bound in cloth, embossed and lettered. Price 35. Published by Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St.

### The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

Respectfully announce to the musical public of Boston and vicinity that they are prepared to accept engagements for PRIVATE MUSICAL PARTIES.

It is the intention of the Club to give but few public concerts out of Boston this season; and as many of their friends may feel the need of their accustomed entertainment, the Club will be happy to receive propositions for series of Parlor Concerts similar to those now given in Cambridge, New Bedford, Milton, etc. THOS. RYAN, Sec'y, 19 Franklin St. Boston.

**SIGNOR CORELLI** begs leave to announce that he has commenced Morning and Afternoon Classes for the instruction of Young Ladies in SOLFEGGIO, at the Rooms of the Messrs. CHICKERING, on Mondays and Thursdays.

For the convenience of those attending schools, the afternoon classes from 4 to 6.

Terms, two dollars for twenty-four lessons. Signor Corelli has removed to No. 47 Hancock Street, where henceforth he may be addressed; or at the Tremont House, or at the Messrs. Chickering's Rooms. Sept 9

**NOW READY,  
THE GREAT WORK OF THE YEAR,  
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A work which has cost the indefatigable compiler fifteen years of arduous labor, assisted by some of the most distinguished celebrities in the musical world. This splendid work, so indispensable not only to the professional musician, but to every amateur, is comprised in one elegant royal octavo volume, of 1004 pages, double columns, and contains the Biographies of upwards of

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**A Book intended to cover the whole  
of Musical Science.**

**JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.  
PUBLISHERS,  
BOSTON.**

July 29

**SIGNOR AUGUSTO BENDELARI.** Professor of Music, from Naples, proposes to teach SINGING and the PIANO during the coming winter, in Boston, both by private and class lessons. The latter will be given to CHORAL CLASSES, on Tuesday and Friday evenings, for which purpose the Messrs. Chickering have kindly offered the use of their Rooms, in order to afford to as many as possible the advantages of a system of public musical instruction that has been attended with great success in Europe.

Applications to be made to Sig. AUGUSTO BENDELARI, at the Winthrop House, or to Messrs. Chickering & Sons, to whom, as well as to the following gentlemen, he is politely permitted to refer.

**REFERENCES.**

Rev. Sam'l K. Lothrop, Samuel G. Ward, Esq.  
Arthur L. Payson, Esq. John S. Dwight, Esq.  
Sept 9

**MR. J. C. D. PARKER,**

**BEGS** to announce that he is prepared to commence instruction in Piano-forte and Organ playing, Harmony and Counterpoint, and will be happy to receive applications at No. 3 Haywood Place, on and after Oct. 1st.

**REFERENCES**—R. K. Apthorp, C. C. Perkins, J. S. Dwight, Esqs.  
Sept 23

**E. R. BLANCHARD,  
TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND SINGING.**

Residence, 24 West Cedar Street.

Reference, Geo. J. Webb, Esq. May 20.

**L. H. SOUTHARD,  
TEACHER OF MUSIC,  
265 Washington Street, Boston.**

**Germania Serenade Band.**

**THE SERVICES OF THIS ASSOCIATION** can be secured by applying to

H. E. TELTOW, Agent.  
1114 tf 30 Fayette Street.

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GRAND AND SQUARE  
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OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.**

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MASONIC TEMPLE,  
TREMONT STREET,  
BOSTON.**

Apr 29

Edward A. Balch,

**NOW READY:**

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MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE PIANO-FORTE,  
BY NATHAN RICHARDSON.**

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Dec 9

3m

**A. W. FRENZEL**

Will resume his

**INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO-FORTE,  
On or before October 1st.**

Orders may be left at the music-stores of Messrs. Reed & Co. N. Richardson, or E. H. Wade. Aug 26

**INSTRUCTION IN ITALIAN.**

**MR. LUIGI MONTI,** Instructor in Italian at Harvard University, will give private lessons in the city. Address at the Winthrop House. Oct 7 3m

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**MR. THOMAS RYAN**

Begs leave to inform his friends and pupils that he has returned to town for the season, and is prepared to give instruction on the PIANO, FLUTE, CLARINET, VIOLIN, and also in THOROUGH BASS. Applications may be made at his residence, No. 19 Franklin Street, or at Richardson's music store. Sept 16

**WILLIAM SCHULTZE,**

Of the late GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY, proposes to remain in Boston, and to give instruction on the VIOLIN, the PIANO-FORTE, and in the Tenor or Bass.

Address No. 45 Harrison Avenue, or at any of the music stores. Sept 16

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The opinions of the above gentlemen give them a decided preference to all other Melodeons.

HENRY MASON. } MASON & HAMLIN,  
EMMONS HAMLIN. } Cambridge St. (cor. of Charles,) Boston, Ma.  
Oct 28 6m (Directly in front of the Jail.)

**CARL GÄRTNER,  
TEACHER OF MUSIC,**

May be found at No. 20 Dover Street, every forenoon between 9 and 10. Oct 14

**LESSONS ON THE VIOLONCELLO.**

**HENRI JUNGNIKKEL**

Will receive pupils on the Violoncello. Address at his residence, No. 67 Warren Street. Oct 14

**MR. GUSTAV KREBS,**

MEMBER OF THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, Begs leave to inform the public that he is prepared to give instruction on the

**FLUTE, VIOLIN AND PIANO.**

Applications made at No. 17 Franklin Place will receive prompt attention. Oct 14

**MANUEL FENOLLOSA,**

**PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.**

MUSIC-ROOM, No. 17 Gray's Block, corner of Washington and Summer Streets.

**References.**

Messrs. CHICKERING, J. P. JEWETT, GEO. PUNCHARD, Boston.  
Messrs. GEORGE FRABOTT, B. H. SILBER, Salem.

**CARL HAUSE,**

**PIANIST AND TEACHER OF MUSIC,**

OFFERS his services as an Instructor in the higher branches of Piano playing. Mr. H. may be addressed at the music stores of NATHAN RICHARDSON, 292 Washington St. or G. F. REED & Co. 17 Tremont Row.

REFERENCES:—Mrs. C. W. Loring, 33 Mt. Vernon St.  
Miss K. E. Prince, Salem.  
Miss Nichols, 20 South St.  
Miss May, 5 Franklin Place. Feb. 12.

**CARL ZERRAHN,**

Conductor of the Handel & Haydn Society,

Conductor of the Orchestral Union, and

**TEACHER OF MUSIC,**

May be addressed at his OFFICE in E. H. Wade's music store, or at his residence, U. S. Hotel. Dec 23 6t

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Sept. 2

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**TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE**

Residence, 84 Pineknay Street.

Sept 16

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**TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.**

Application can be made at Reed's Music-Store, or at the Norfolk House, Roxbury. Sept 9

**H. S. CUTLER,**

Organist and Teacher of Music,  
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**J. TRENKLE,**

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Residence No. 56 Kneeland Street.**

No. 21 School St.—

